In Memorabilis Effigies,

VEiw and behold his Monumentall Pictor,
Whose trade was Armes, whose Fortune still was Victor;
Looke on Truncheon how it is becrowned,
By which you may perceiue how hee's Renowned.
His Beard, a Graue bush (Naturally fitted)
Shewes by the store of hayre how he is witted.
And howsoeuer Times or Seasons change-thinges,
This Captaine very truely hath done strange-thinges;
Whilst some (perhaps) will say these lines do scoffe him,
Read what the Inside of the Booke speakes of him.

Iohn Taylor.

These 8. Lines by an vnknowne Author.

GReat *Mogul* Landlord, and both *Indies* King,
(Whose selfe admiring Fame doth lowdly Ring)
Writes 4. score yeares: More Kingdomes he hath right
The Stars say so. And for them he will Fight too. (to
And though this worthlesse Age will not beleiue him,
But clatter, spatter, slaunder, scoffe and grieue him,
Yet hee and all the world in this agree,
That such another *TOOLE*, will neuer bee.

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That such another *TOOLE*, will neuer bee.

"Great Mogul's Landlord) of both Indies King,
Whose self-admiring fame doth loudly ring;
Writes fourscore Years, more Kingdoms he hath right to,
for them he will fight too:
And though this worthless Age will not believe him,
But clatter, spatter, slander, scoff, to grieve him;
Yet He and all the World in this agree,
That such another Toole will never be."

THE GREAT O Toole.

ENglands, Scotlands, Irelands Mirror,
Mars his fellow, Rebels Terror:
These Lines doe gallop for their pleasure,
Writ with neither feete or measure;
Because Prose, Verse, or Anticke Story,
Cannot Blaze O Tooles great Glory.

LONDON.
Printed for Henry Gosson.
1622.

THE
GREAT
Tropic.

LONDON.
Printed for Henry Gilfon.
1622.

AN ENCOMIVM OR ENCO-MI-ASS-TRICK,

dedicated to the vnlimited memory of *Arthur O Toole*, or *O Toole* the Great: Being the Son and Heyre of *Brian O Toole*, Lord of *Poores* Court and farre *Collen*, in the County of *Dublin*, in the Kingdome of *Ireland*. The *Mars* and *Mercury*, the *Agamemnon* and *Vlisses* both for Wisedome and Valour, in the Kingdomes of Great *Britaine* and *Ireland*.

Prologue.

BRaue Vsquebough that fierce *Hibernian* liquor,
Assist my braine, and make my wit run quicker:
To heate my *Muse* like to a well warm'd Chimney,
I beg thy merry ayde kinde *Polihymny*.
I list not to call Fables into question,
Nor of *Baboones*, or idle bables jest I on:

Prologue.

And yet if Sence or reason heere you looke for,
For neither, or for either read this Booke for.
And if perchance I doe in any word lye,
Doe, as I writ it, reade it o're abſurdly:
Though in theſe dayes there are a Crew of fond men,
That for inuention ſtriue to goe beyond men,
And write ſo humerous Dogmatically,
To pleaſe my Lord and Lady what d'ee Call,
With Inkehorne tearmes ſtiffe quilted and bumbaſted,
And (though not vnderſtood) yet are well taſted.
And therefore Ile not reach beyond the bounds of
My weake capacity, nor ſearch the ſounds of
Deepe *Natures* ſecrets, or *Arts* ſpacious cirquit:
My *Muſe* is free from thoſe, my ſelfe will her quit,
But leauing Idle toyes, with toyle endure I on,
To write the praiſe of this braue bolde *Centurion*.

The

The Argument and meaning, of this following Hiſtory.

IN all Ages and Countryes, it hath euer bin knowne, that Famous men haue flouriſhed, whoſe worthy Actions, and Eminency of place, haue euer beene as conſpicuous Beacons burning and blazing to the Spectators view: the ſparkes & flames whereof hath ſometimes kindled Courage in the moſt coldeſt and Effeminate Cowards; as Therſites amongſt the Grecians, Amadis de Gaule, and Sir Huon of Burdeaux in France, Sir Beuis, Gogmagog, Chinon, Palmerine, Lancelot, & Sir Triſtram amongſt vs heere in England, Sir Degre, Sir Grime, and Sir Gray Steele in Scotland, Don Quixot with the Spaniards, Garganua almoſt no where, Sir Dagonet, and Sir Triamore any where, all theſe, and many more of the like Ranke

The Argument.

haue fill'd whole Volumes, with the ayrie Imagina-
tions of their vnknowne and vnmatchable worthes;
So Ireland *amongst the rest, had the Honor to pro-*
duce and breed a sparke of Valour, Wisedome, and
Magnanimity, to whom all the Nations of the world
must giue place. The Great O Toole, *is the toole*
that my Muse takes in hand, whose praises (if they
should be set forth to the full) would make Apollo
and the Muses *Barren*; *To whom the Nine wor-*
thyes were neuer to be compared: betwixt whom, and
Haniball, Scipio, *the Great* Pompey, *or* Tam-
berlaine, *was such odds, that it was vnfit the best*
of them should holde his stirrop, and who (by his
owne Report) in whome Ireland *may reioyce, and*
England *be merry, whose Youth was Dedicated to*
Mars, and his Age to Westminster, *which ancient*
Citty, is now honour'd with his beloued Residence.

TO

To the Honor of the Noble Captaine OTOOLE.

THou *Famous* man, Eſt, weſt, & North, & Southward,
From *Boreas* colde rump, t' *Auſters* ſlauering mouth
I call *Apolloes* daughters all, to witnes;
Much would I praiſe thee, but my Wit wants fitnes:
But thou thy ſelfe (of thy ſelfe) canſt ſpeake ſo well,
That though my Rimes not altogether goe well,
Yet if the Worlds applauſe would not attend thee,
were all tongues mute, thy own tongue would commend
Thy ſelfe (vnto thy ſelfe) art *Fames* Trump blaſting, (thee,
To make thy name (like *Buffe*) tough, long and laſting:
Yet graunt me (thou braue man that ne're feard coulers)
T' accept the poore Lines of an Artles Scullers.
Thy *Bilboe* ofte bath'd in the blood of Foe mans,
Like *Caius Marius*, Conſull of the Romans:

When

To the Honour

When thou haſt ſeem'd more dreadfull in thy harneſſe,
Then Babels Generall great *Holophernes*,
More in commaund then was *Nabuchadnezar*,
And more renownd then *Cayus Iulius Caſar*:
Vpon thy foes breſt thou haſt often troad free,
As on the Pagans did braue Boloignes *Godfrey*,
Fierce *Methridates* the ſtout King of *Pontus*,
If thou doſt lead vs, dares not to confront vs:
Thy matchles vallour, ten to one more tride is,
Then euer was the *Libian* ſtrong *Alcides*:
And all men know that neuer ſuch an od piece
Of fighting mettle, ſprung from *Mars* his Codpiece.
Vpon the maine land and the raging Ocean,
Thy courage hath attaind thee high promotion.
Thou neuer fear'dſt to combate with *Gargante*,
Thy fame's beyond the battle of *Lepanto*.
The mighty *Alexander* of *Macedo*,
Nere fought as thou haſt done with thy *Toledo*.
We hold thee for a worthy and no baſe one,
But one that could haue won the fleece from *Iaſon*:
Thou durſt oppoſe 'gainſt Bore, Beare Wolfe or Lion,
And from the torturing wheele to fetch *Ixion*,

And

And I acknowledge that thy matchles vallour is,
To kill *Pasiphaes* or the Bull of *Phalleris*,
Though age hath ouertane thee, yet thy will is,
To grapple with an *Aiax* or *Achilles*,
Or with Hells Monarch enuious ill fac'd *Pluto*,
And proue him by his hornes a dambd *Cornuto*.
Thou fearst no Diuell, nor no *Demogorgon*,
Nor yet the valiant Welchman *Shon a Morgan*:
So that most Wizards and most fortune tellers,
Approue thee for the greatst of Monster quellers:
And absolute and potent Dominator,
For War or Counsell both by land and Water,
In times of tumult thou amongst the *Irish*,
Hast made them skip ore bogs and quagmires miriih,
Whilst in the pursuit, like an angry Dragon,
Thou mad'st them run away with not a rag on.
For had thy foes bin Thoulands, with thy Pistall,
And thy good sword, thou brauely wouldst Resist all.
Thou wast to vs, as vnto Rome was *Titus*,
And stoutly sent our foes to black *Cocitus*.
To kill, and cut throats, thou art skild in that trick,
As if thou wert the Champion to Saint *Patrick*.

I know

To the Honour

I know not to which worthy to compare thee,
For were they liuing, they could not out-dare thee.
To thee what was great *Tamberlaine* the *Tartar*,
Or matcht with thee what was our Brittaine *Arthur*?
Great *Hanibal*, that famous *Carthaginian*,
Was not a mate for thee in mine opinion,
And all *Seuerus* vertues, sum'd vp totall,
Remaine in thee, if this blinde Age would note all.
Thou shewdst thy selfe a doughty wight at *Dublin*,
When *Irish* Rebells madly brought the trouble in:
At *Baltimore*, *Kinsale*, at *Corke*, and *Toghall*,
Thou with thy power hast made them oft cry fogh all,
Oft in thy rage, thou hast most madly Ran on,
The burning mouth of the cumbustious Cannon,
For in thy fury, thou hast oft beene hotter,
More swifter then an Ambler, or a Trotter,
As witnes can the bounds of fierce *Tirconnell*,
and the rough Bickerings with the stout *Odonnell*.
The slaues did scud before thee o're the Quagmires:
Where many a warlike Horse & many a Nagge mires:
Thou kildst the gammon visag'd poore *Westphalians*,
The Al-to-totterd, torne *Tatterdemalians*:

The

The broaging, reaging, brauling, baſe *Bewcians*:
The ſwift foot, light heeld, run away *Sleuenians*,
Thou letſt them haue no ground to ſtand or walke on,
But made them flye as Doues doe from a Falcon.
For if thou liſt in fight to leade a Band on,
Thy ſlaughtering ſword if thou but layſt thy hand on
Thy fearefull foes would ſtraight the place abandon,
Without or hoſe, or ſhooes, ſhirt, or a band on:
Thou letſt them haue no quiet place to ſtand on.
By tongue or pen it cannot well be verifide,
How many hundred thouſands thou haſt terrifide,
For thou haſt rac'd more Caſtles, forts and Garriſons,
Beyond Arithmeticke, and paſt compariſons:
The Prouerbe ſayes Compariſons are odious,
I'le therefore leaue them being incomodious.
In all thy actions thou haſt beene impartiall,
Accomodating thy deſignes as Martiall,
In mortall Battells and in bruiſing battery,
Thy eares would entertain no ſmooth tongu'd flattery,
That though to all men thy exploits ſeem'd very od,
Thou broughſt them ſtill to an auſpitious Period.

Like

To the Honour

And as thy valour durst out-dare bold *Hector*,
Like wise *Vlisses* thou canst speake a Lector
Such pollicies thy wits mint could deuise on,
Which wiser pates could neuer once surmise on:
With many a hundred neuer heard of Stratagem,
Thou hast got pretious honour, is not that a Iem?
What tricks, or slights of war so ere the foe meant,
Thou canst descry and frustrate in a moment.

Vpon

Vpon his Wisedome, and Pollicy.

OF thy *Heroick* acts, there might be more said,
For sure they are but slightly toucht aforesaid,
But *Gods* or *Muses*, Men, or Fiends infernall,
To blaze thee to thy worth, cannere discerne all:
And should I write but halfe that I know of thee,
Some Critticks would perswade thee I did scoffe thee.
Thus hauing shewd thy vallour, now Ile expound,
Part of thy pollicies, and wisedome profound.
Vnfellowed, and vnfollowed, and vnmatched,
Are the rare sleights that in thy pate were hatched:
Of Engines, Mines, of Counterscarphs and Trenches,
And to keepe cleare the Camp from whoring wenches:
To teach the Soldiers eate frogges, snailes and vermine,
Such Stratagems as these thou couldst determine.
That *Cato*, *Plato*, or *Aurelius Marcus*,
Wise *Socrates*, or reuerend *Aristarcus*,
Diogenes, or wise *Pithagoras*,
Lecurgus, *Pliny*, *Anaxagoras*,

Archidamus

To the Honour

Archidamus of Greece, or Romane *Tully*,
Could nere demonstrate Sapience more fully.
And specially when there was any trouble like,
To vexe, molest, or trouble the Republike.
That wit with valour, valour ioynd with wisdome;
From all the world thou hast attained this doome:
To be wars Abstract, Counsells Catechiser,
That canst direct all, and all scarce the wiser.

A Complaint and a Petition to him.

THus thou of Yore hast followed great *Belona*,
And shin'd in Armes like twins of bright *Latona*:
But now those manly martiall dayes are gone,
Time of Cheating, swearing, drinking, drabbing,
Of Burst gut feeding and inhumane stabbing;
The Spanish *Pip*, or else the *Gallan Morbus*;
Bone-bred diseases, mainely doe disturbe vs:
That now more men by ryot are confounded,
Then valiant Soldiers in the wars were wounded.
Mars yeelds to *Venus*, Gown-men rules the roast now,
And men of War may fast, or kisse the post now.

The

The thundring Cannon and the rumbling Drum now,
The Instruments of War are mute and dumbe now,
And stout experienc't valiant Commanders,
Are turn'd Saint *Nicholas* Clarks & high way standers,
And some (through want) are turn'd base Pimps & Pan-
The watchfull Corporall, and the Lanprezado (ders,
Are Marchants turn'd, of smoaky Trinidado.
His shop, (a fadome compasse) now containes him,
Where midst the misty vapours he complaines him,
That he who hath made Forts and Castles caper
Liues now Camelion-like, by Ayre and Vaper,
Whilst fooles & flatterers thriue, it greatly grieues him,
When all Trades fayle, Tobacco last releiues him.
Besides each day some hound-like senting Sergeant,
Scoutes, gapes, pries, peyes, & tires on him for argeant;
And *Long lane Dogditch*, dambd soule wanting Broker,
The Common wealths bane & poore mens vndoker,
The Countries Spunges, and the Cities soakers,
The Peaces Pestilence, and Warriours choakers,
These beate their hoge-heads all, to try conclusions
By base extortings, working our confusions.

To the Honour

The Souldiers naked, by the Brokers bribing,
The Scriuener liues braue by sophisticke scribing
The slaues growe rich (and 'tis not to be wondred)
By taking forty interest for a hundred.
And Natty Beadles with their breath contagious,
With what are you, and who doe there examine vs:
With bums and hawes, Sir reuerence, nods & becking,
With tericles nonsence, checkes and Counter checking:
The brownbild Rug-gownd bench doe thinke it fitting
To exercise their Office, by committing,
Where our expence, with Ale their faces varnish,
Whilest we incountred, pay fines, fees and garnish.
And Tyburne, Wapping, and St. *Thomas* Wrtings,
Poore Soldiers ends to euery neighbouring State sings:
Whilst lowzy Ballad-mongers gape and looke our,
To set some Rimeing song, or Roging Booke out,
Where more then all is 'gainst the dead imputed,
By which meanes men are doubly executed:
That sure the Gallowes hath eate vp more Pe—ople,
Then would subdue and win *Constantinople*.
O rouze thee, rouze thee, then braue man of Action,
Make Fur-gown'd peace burst into Armed faction:

Then

Thou haſt a pate that caſt the State whileſtile,
Be as thou haſt beene then, a man of mettle
And now baſe Cowardize doth ſeeme to ruſt vs,
Into ſome worthy buſines, quickly thruſt vs,
Now ſhew thy ſelfe a noble *Achaemus*,
And once more make our braving foes to ſtate vs,
Doe thou but leade vs on, and looke but Grimly
And make no doubt, weele doe the buſines trimly,
Mongſt all the tooles of warre, be thou great O *Teole*,
And neuer let the world eſteeme thee *no Foole*.
O make the wheele of reeling State, and *Fate* turne
In ſpight of ſullen melancholly *Saturne*
To Armes, but from the Armes of luſtfull *Venus*
I doe entreat thy warlike care to weane vs.
Let not the prick-eard power, of proude *Priapus*
In bonds of painted Cutteranes intrap vs,
And Rouze vs from our Acts and thoughts libidinous,
That (Traytor-like) in ambuſh doe lye hid in vs,
Let not thy Tents of worthies Martiall diſcipline,
Be turn'd to ſtinking Tap-houſes to tipple in:
But make the freezing pot of num-cold wear boyle,
And bubble in a hurly burly Garboyle:

To the Honour

Doe as thou haſt done oft moſt noble *Spartan*,
Strike ſilken peace into a feauer Quartane;
Or elſe like *Phœbus* in his hot Meridian,
Aſtoniſh all the world with a Quotidian.
I know thy worth the world doth all admire on,
They clad thy ſelfe in purniſht ſteele and Yron.
I know that all men knowes thou haſt been tride well,
Diſcreetly thou canſt talke, fight, run and ride well,
I know the reach of thy politicke skull; can
Plucke rugged *Mars* from out the bed of *Vulcan*,
To make warre roare more loude then any Bull can,
I know thou canſt doe more then any Gull can.
I know thou hold'ſt it Valours ignominy,
To ſpend thy dayes in peaceſull whip her Ginny.
Thy name & noyce, more fear'd then *Guy of Warwicke*,
Or the rough Rumbling, roaring *Meg* of *Barwicke*.
We ſhould doe ſomewhat, if wee once were Rouzed,
And (being Lowſie) we might then be Lowſed.
Encourage Souldiers to deuicane them like men,
And meaſure Velues with their Pikes braue Pikemen.
Let ſhouts & clamors, Woods, groues, dales, & hils fill,
With dreadfull noyſe & cries of follow, follow, kill, kill.

Let Drums cry dub, dub, and let Cannons thunder,
Tantara Trumpets, and let Cowards wonder:
Let Muſquets bounce, bounce, let the Welkin rumble,
Let Townes, Turrets, topſiturvy tumble,
Doe this (as well I know thou canſt doo't wiſely)
Exceeding careles, feareles and precisely:
And then thy Fame ſhall farther farre be noyſed,
Then *Titans* rayes, or *Iuſtice* ſcales are poyſed.
And ſince thou knoweſt mans time on earth is ſhort all,
Let mortall Actions make thy name Immortall.

Lenuoy.

IVdge O you Gentiles, what is writ is probable,
And though it ſeeme a bable, yet 'tis no bable.
Doome amongſt ill thinges, that the beſt is meant all,
And what's amiſſe, pray take as accidentall,
For like a puny practizing Aſtronomy,
And knowes no grounds nor rules ſo far o'regon am I:
In diuiug to his valours whirlepit bottome,
That like the Reuerend Sages of olde Gotam,
I now perceiue how much I ouerſhot am:

I'le

To the Honour

We wade no further in't, but in briefe breuity,
Abrupt, abfurd, abiect, thus caſt thus leaue it I,
Theſe forc'd Rimes, fully ſtuft with fruitleſſe labour,
Hath Curried my poore braine-pan like a Tabor:
And to recure me from this ſtrange quandary,
Hence Vſquebaugh, and welcome ſweet Canary.

FINIS.